THE RECORD OF FIFTY YEARS

REMINISCENCES OF A JOURNALIST.

BY CHARLES T. CONGDON.

XXVII.

BUNHILL AND BEACONSFIELD.

THE DISSENTERS' "CAMPO SANTO"—TOMBS OF JOHN BUNYAN AND DR. WATTS—SUGGESTIONS OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD—GUILDHALL—THE BANQUET TO BEACONSFIELD—BRITISH ORATORY.

Most Americans in London, with a native instinct, find Lombard-street and Leadenhall-street, and Gresham-street —the very heart from which the great financial system of the British Empire receives its pulsations. They may there gaze upon the curious spectacle which the mad pursuit of wealth presents, and indulge in those fine philosophical reflections, which, alas! never reconcile us to what Carlyle calls "a flaccid purse which will not fling against the wind." As I saw the perspiring citizens rushing about, I remembered the time when this dense quarter of London had a religious character of its own, and the great Puritan divines preached sermons three hours long, or longer, to the Puritan and Anabaptist and Independent bankers. Here came the wits and gallants of the court to mislead the city wives, or to borrow of too confiding husbands. Wycherly found his unfragrant inspiration here, and so did Congreve and Vanbrugh. Whoever would know how honest men and women may be maligned and misrepresented to provoke the laughter of glittering and shallow-pated fools, must read the Comedy of the Restoration.

Thinking of these things, of the Great Fire, of the Plague, of how these narrow and crooked streets were ravaged by both, I naturally remembered Daniel De Foe, and then, by a swift sequence, Bunhill Burying Ground, where the ashes of that busy schemer and thoroughly typical Englishman, rest. It was little enough to repay the author of "Robinson Crusoe," this pilgrimage which I proposed to make to his tomb; while there were other interesting associations connected with the spot. It was Southey, I believe, who called Bunhill "the Campo Santo of the Dissenters." It is the very place which my countrymen, who know why they have a country, and such a country, should seek with reverent minds and tender gratitude. Starting from the Bank, I strolled through Moorgate-street by Finsbury Square and Moorgate Station till I came to the Artillery Ground, where that celebrated train band captain, John Gilpin, doubtless wore his trusty sword, "when he did exercise." Maybe many a valiant citizen marched up and down here on drill days, who had made the sneering cavalier skip at Marston Moor and at the "crowning mercy" of Worcester. The Bunhill Fields Burying Ground is close by the Barracks; and it has a wonderful history of its own. While the plague was raging in London, here was the place to which cart loads of corpses, "nodding to the death cart's rolling," were brought. Here the victims of the pestilence were thrown into the great pit prepared for them, while in the neighboring ale houses the revellers watched the arrival of each vehicle with its ghastly freight, and sought to drown their apprehensions in drunken potations. Before this, quantities of bones had been brought here from the charnel house of St. Paul's, and the name, before its popular corruption, was Bone-Hill. After the plague it was leased by the Dissenters, who objected to the church service at burials, and for two hundred years it was used by them for a place of interment. Burials ceased here by virtue of an act of Parliament, in 1867, and indeed, it was quite time. It is still under the control of the city of London, and serves as a kind of park for the neighborhood. It is wretchedly kept, or was when I saw it; loafers and courtesans were lolling on the tombs, swearing and smoking; and a crowd of wicked little London boys chaffed the beadle at the gate, and rendered his life one long misery, because he would not let them in. I conversed with this worthy, who wore a kind of livery; and he seemed a little ashamed of the squalor of the surroundings, and of the conduct of the youth who resented their exclusion by throwing stones at the representative of the worshipful corporation.

I was informed by the beadle, that the city of London, which has now entire control of this interesting spot, was about to put it in good order, and would then take measures to keep it so. It was quite time; I have never seen any place of the kind worse cared for. Many of the monuments are defaced; many are in sore need of repair; and I could not help wondering whether the rich bankers and grocers and goldsmiths buried here, some of them with uncommonly handsome memorials, were without family representatives to care for their graves, and keep them from defilement and dilapidation. Many of the stones are badly mutilated, and no attempt was made to make the ground and the paths through it trim. But it was the best-gorged cemetery which I have ever seen. Though there are only four acres of it, there have been interred here, as the registers show, since 1713, not less than 124,000 bodies. The arithmetical reader may calculate for himself how much space this would give to each cadaver. Picking my way, and trying with the old reverence of boyhood not to tread sacrilegiously upon any grave, I found myself by the modern monument to the memory of the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress." After all his troubles; after that weary imprisonment of more than twelve years in Bedford Jail; after fifteen remaining years of his life spent in preaching to the English Baptists, Bunyan came up to London to die in the house of a friendly grocer; and he was natually buried in Bunhill. Did he know what a wonderful book he had written in his prison cell during the intervals snatched from lace making? Yes; I think he did. Such work as his, as Shakespeare's, as Burns's, does not come of unconscious inspiration; and one who feels that he is fitted "to guide the progress of the soul to God," and has really done so, might surely anticipate the verdict: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant"; nor despise the service of eternal truth which would win him such rich reward. The very imagination which informs and illuminates the work must have made the life of the tinker of Elstow great and dignified. He had not passed through the glooms without an assured hope of the glories. A book like the "Progress," written out of the depths of his soul, could never have seemed to him trivial.

Not far from the resting-place of Bunyan is the spot where John Wesley beside her grave preached the funeral sermon of his mother Susannah Wesley, "before an innumerable company of people." But I passed on to find the tomb of one whose name is familiar to the whole Christian world, whose simple verses have been lisped, morning and evening, for much more than a century by one generation after another of children, and whose noble hymns every Sunday are sung in a thousand sanctuaries. I thought as I read the name of Isaac Watts what a pleasant life was his. Always feeble in body, small of stature, fond of retirement and of books, pastor of a London church which became much attached to him, at thirty-eight years of age he went to the comfortable home of a London alderman, Sir Thomas Abney, and, having an assistant, preached to his people only when he saw fit. In the pleasant mansion he was cared for, and coddled as if he had been an ailing child. He read books and he wrote them—a treatise on "Logic," and another on "The Improvement of Mind"; manuals on astronomy and geography; but above all he wrote his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs," and paraphrased the "Psalms of David."

The grave of a man whose influence upon mankind, or at least upon a considerable portion of it, and upon a part of it also which has had so large a domination over the human heart was not to be approached without reverence. Mr. Goldwin Smith in a recent treatise upon Cowper, condemns all except the Latin religious hymns. I differ from him especially upon the point of Cowper's hymns, but this is no place for a discussion of a matter of taste. Every allowance must be made for Watts, if he needs any, which I am not so sure of. As I stood over his grave, I necessarily remembered what a good maker of verses he was —always decent, sometimes really poetic, with a taste which long intercourse with books seldom fails to establish. In this nineteenth century of objective metrical manufacture, with notions of poetry which to him would have been utterly mysterious and incomprehensible if not profane, the man who wrote the Cradle Hymn—"Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber, Holy angels guard thy bed," may be considered as a poetical nobody. Classical people may be angry because this dissenting minister of the Gospel burned the poems of Ovid and Martial. But pray let us be charitable! Has the reader who has been taught to consider the poems of Watts as mere doggerel and carpenter's or cobbler's work, ever read them? Has he ever paused to ask why Johnson gave him a place among the English poets?

These cursory memoranda are getting to be altogether too like a literary criticism; but I may be pardoned for recording that over the tomb of Watts. I repeated his verses "Were I so tall to reach the pole, or grasp the ocean with a span, I must be measured by my soul. The mind's the standard of the man"—a truth worth stating now and then, if only for the sake of keeping it from the forgetfulness of the race. I did not forget how many poor, sleepy children had heard repeated these arousing lines: "'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain. You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again"; in my somnolent infancy I think that I regarded them with contemptuous disrespect, and, when I was particularly drowsy, as absolutely immoral. Then that other copy of verses beginning: "How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!"—is there any reason why Wordsworth might not have written it? I am sure that it is very like him in some of his moods. Then again, as I took a glance over the multitudinous sepulchres of Bunhill, and made myself ready to leave them, there came to my recollection these lines of Watts which I had carried long in my memory: "Methinks a mouldering pyramid, Says all the old sages said; For me these sheltered tombs contain More morals than the Vatican." For their careless ease, and grace of fanciful thought, this verse really reminds one of Emerson. And so with a last look at the inscription upon his momument, "In uno Jesu omina." I turned away from it, and as I went rapidly out I ran plump against such a number of graves in succession that I wondered whose resting-place I might meet next.

For it is evident that a great many deceased persons who could not be buried conveniently anywhere else, were brought here for interment. How came they to fetch old Joe Ritson here, the most devoted of English antiquaries. Did he ask to be immured, after fighting everybody all his life, where there was a persistent savor of the past in the atmosphere? How came they, either to bring Horne Tooke here—the Rev. John Horne Tooke, to give him his proper prefix? No doubt he was sleeping peacefully enough, after that factious life of perpetual fights, political and etymological. I bowed respectfully to his quarters, because it was he who promoted a subscription for the American widows and orphans, made such and, in point of fact, "murdered by the King's troops at Lexington and Concord." And here rested another gentleman to whom I was once much indebted—I mean Dr. Abraham Rees, whose forty-five volumes of Cyclopædia I gazed at with reverence in my youth, as they stood upon the shelves of our public library. Whom, I said, as I remembered how I used to tug home two or three of Dr. Abraham's heavy quartos almost as big as myself, shall I encounter next, "in his narrow cell for ever laid"? And the next name I saw was that of William Blake, enthusiast, painter, and engraver, whose strange devices and wondrous illustrations and mysterious, captivating poetry is still loved for their profound and suggestive simplicity. And here, too, was laid Thomas Stothard, the painter; and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton; and so many others for whose names there is no space. If brains were all, how full Bunhill would be of them! The very sod ought to shoot and blossom into books and sermons, into protests against the Establishment, into a demand for the revision of history which Carlyle might greet with a sardonic smile. Out of the gate I walked slowly, observing that my beadle in livery, was still engaged in his contest with the wicked little boys. Over yonder was a Methodist Chapel in which John Wesley had preached. Close by, John Milton lived though the house has been razed. In the pleasant Summer weather, the great poet sat in his gray coat at the door; or, leaving his solitude and reflection, went in to receive the guests who, spite of all the political charges, were glad and proud to visit him. Yes; I do not know a pleasanter place for an American to visit than Bunhill. I never saw a cemetery in which mind and moral courage and devotion to duty and religious conscientiousness were so predominant over the grandeur of mausoleums. The worldly, indeed, is here as it comes everywhere. Those London merchants who feared God and went regularly to sermon, had still a lingering touch of pride in their well-fed constitutions. They were not unwilling to have it remembered that they were rich and distinguished, and had filled great places in the city. Bunhill is not without its sprinkling of knights and even of baronets. Upon more than one stone I saw sculptured the armorial bearings of the once wealthy trader who slept under it—gules and griffins, lions rampant and lions couchant, and what would have been argent or azure if tombstones were not necessarily deficient in complexion. It was evidently hard, even with the largest religious experience, to get away from their vanities. But I was not disposed to be satirical; Bunhill spoke to me of so much that was beautiful and encouraging, that I forgave the beadle, the noisy little boys, the loafers upon the tombstones, the pride of wealth grown touchingly impotent, and remembered only that "for righteousness sake," was after all not altogether an empty phrase. The Miltonic associations were enough to keep me from cynicism, to say nothing of the swift recollections of Bunyan and of De Foe.

I went wandering back to the city, studying streets as streets are only to be studied in London. Sometimes there is decency for a dozen squares—sometimes only squalor and hunger and gin shops and tumble down ruin. More than once, as I made my difficult way towards Charing Cross, which is the place every stranger in London must find or be lost, I got in—to filthy alleys and lanes which made me nervous. I saw in full perfection of degredation—if that is not a bull—the British rough lounging, his long pipe in mouth, at the door of his miserable domicile, his legs looking unfinished without fetters, his whole demeanor suggestive of burglary, petty larceny, and wife-beating, and his eye resolutely bent upon the beer shop at the corner. My way was to walk in a given general direction, and just then my point of approach was Guildhall. For I had heard of Beaconsfield, and I longed to see the place in which on the very next evening, that astonishing person would before the citizens of London, outpour one of his astonishing speeches. I believe that he was to discourse of Cyprus, so back again I worked my way, with a question now and then to the civil policeman, until I happily reached the old civic edifice which dates from A. D. 1411, but has been so altered that it appeared to me comparatively modern. The thing to see was the great hall itself, and I was told they were preparing it for the banquet which was to be given to Beaconsfield the very next day. "Shall I never be rid of this Beaconsfield?" I asked myself. For, thus far, wherever I went, whomsoever I encountered, in eating-house, at breakfast, in the railway carriage and omnibus, the talk was still of Beaconsfield. My landlady admired him with a prodigality of faith which was really touching. All the good people to whom I had letters of introduction had something to say of Beaconsfield. There were pantaloons in the tailors' windows which bore that revered title. Two beery men one afternoon, who could not have spelled the name if offered a quart of four-penny ale to do it, exhausted Beaconsfield and the Cyprus question and myself in my presence and to my great edification, upon a Thames steamboat. And when I wanted to go into Guildhall a person in an astonishing costume said that I could not go in because they were preparing the great hall for Beaconsfield! I knew a trick, as the phrase is, worth two of that. I fell back upon the omnipotent sixpence and went in. The carpenters were busy with the tables destined to groan under the civic feast, but, for all that, I had my peep at Lord Chatham, and his clever son, Mr. Pitt, and the Nelson monument, and the place in which the Fathers of the City annually consume an enormous quantity of real Turtle Soup. But my Lord Beaconsfield was predominant even here. The carpenters reverently whispered of him. The beadles, if asked for information, said: "Beaconsfield." He was actually coming to eat his dinner here—the great Beaconsfield! The man who had added Cyprus to the British dominions, you know. Oceans of the Real Turtle Soup would not be a reward too great for public service like his. I made the best of my way home to dinner, and before we were well engaged with our beef, they were discoursing of Beaconsfield. "O to hear him," I said; "to see that face which I knew only from the pages of Punch"! I had an order for the House of Commons for that very evening; but alas! Beaconsfield had already made his great speech on Cyprus, and was resting himself before his struggles on the next night at Guildhall! And so, wretch that I am, I came away from England without seeing Beaconsfield. Subsequent events have somewhat reconciled me to this misfortune; but still, wouldn't I have liked to see Beaconsfield, the great, the omnipotent, the miraculous then, and now. But such are the vicissitudes of human affairs. I saw nothing of the kind!

I did go to the House of Commons that night. The letter which my English friend gave me to the Liberal whip was duly honored, and I sat in a very lofty gallery, upon a most uncomfortable seat, and gazed with awe upon Mr. Speaker in the distance, and heard the British members hem and haw about Cyprus—and Beaconsfield! There were no great guns discharging themselves that night. The speaking, upon this side of the water, would be considered very bad; but I am not sure that the great guns would have spoken much better. It seems to be impossible for the English orator to talk fluently. He goes along smoothly enough for two or three sentences, and then comes the hitch. Elocution he disdains. Eloquence in his opinion seems to be to drift, as the gods please, through a welter of words, in which the poor verbs are always anxious about their nominative cases. There is a perpetual suggestion of breaking down. There are periods of hopeless confusion which seem to surprise nobody, and which only incite the friendly listeners to cry "Hear! Hear!" I fancied that these gentlemen would have but a moderate time of it upon our Western stumps; but I remembered that Canning defined a debate in Parliament to be "an animated conversation upon public affairs." Only, upon the night when I sat perched aloft and listened, there was no animation. To confess the truth, I became as sick of Cyprus as poor little Miss Jellaby was of Africa; and as it was midnight, and the conversation promised to last till morning, I took my way home to Craven-st. by the Thames embankment, and, with many reflections upon matters and things in general, went between my virtuous and welcome sheets.

HER LAST LETTER.

'Tis but a line, a hurried scrawl,
And little seem the words to say,
Yet hold me in reproachful thrall;
"You quarrelled with me yesterday;
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are few,
And yet they pierce my soul with pain;
Ay, "you'll be sad," the words are true;
They haunt me with prophetic strain:
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

We quarrelled, and for what? a word,
A foolish speech that jarred the ear,
And thus in wrath our pulses stirr'd;
Then came her letter: "Dear, my dear,
To-morrow you'll be sad."

Few words! half mirth, half regret,
The last her hand should ever write—
Sad words! learned long ago, and yet
Fresh with new pain to ear and sight:
"To-morrow you'll be sad!"

BLANCHE LINDSAY, OF BALCARRES.

GARFIELD AS A SAILOR.

From The Cleveland Leader.

At this early period the books which the young General mostly read were tales of the sea. These were the only stories that could be easily obtained. The General says that he most vividly remembers the "Pirate's Own Book," and the impression which it made lived with him for years. He dreamed of an impossible career on the ocean. At the age of sixteen he took the job of chopping twenty-five cords of wood for a man in the township of Newburg, within the present limits of the city. Here, facing the north, he could see the slaty blue of the Erie, and he imagined it was the ocean, and his craze for the sea increased. Finishing his wood-chopping, he engaged to assist a Mr. Treat through haying and harvesting, and with his earnings in his pocket announced to his mother that he could no longer restrain his desire for the life on the wave, and that he had decided to immediately depart. Amid prayers and forebodings she bade him good-bye, and he found his way on foot to Cleveland.

Seeking the harbor, he boarded the only ship that lay in port and inquired for the captain. His ideas of a captain were formed from the stories he had read, and he imagined a dashing, brave and gallant gentleman—capable, when the occasion required, of performing desperate deeds, but disposed to be, as a general thing, generous to a failing. To the youth's question a hand replied that the captain would soon come up from the hold. The prophecy proved true. First he was heard, then seen clearing his way, with volley after volley of oaths. The bashful youth gently approached and diffidently asked if he wanted a hand. An increased flood of oaths, turned wholly in his direction, was the only answer received. A suppressed titter came from the men, and the coming General retired in confusion. Walking about the docks and looking at the scanty indications of commerce at that early day, he began to collect his thoughts and finally reasoned that as the lake was to the ocean, so was the canal to the lake, and his failure in securing a situation arose from the fact that he was not sufficiently posted in the ways of sailors. To the canal he would go and learn. He went and obtained the position of driver on the first canal-boat to which he applied.

His disposition and capacity to learn were such that at the end of the first round trip he was promoted from driver to bowsman. He steered instead of driving.

The General says that, by actual count, during his first trip as bowsman, he fell into the canal fourteen times. This was serious. The malaria of the canal region would in all probability have taken hold of his system in due time anyhow, but this helped it. He could not swim a stroke, and came very near drowning several times. At length he floundered in for the fourteenth time, and in his efforts to save himself, luckily caught hold of the drag-rope of the boat. Hand over hand it gave out, and his hope became small. Finally the rope held, and he pulled himself on board. Ever philosophical, he examined the rope and found that it had curiously enough drawn itself into a crack and knotted. He concluded that there was not more than one chance in a thousand of a rope thus knotting itself, and he thought it was a significant fact. As he sat there wet in the cold of the night his mind wandered to his mother, and he remembered that he had not told her of his whereabouts, and she imagined that he was upon the lake. He decided to return to her at the end of that trip and rest and recruit for a time. This resolution was kept. Arriving in the vicinity of their humble home at night he quickly approached the door and heard his mother in prayer. She prayed for the safe return of the wandering son. At the close he softly opened the door, and the prayer was answered. Then for the first time did he fully comprehend that his departure had crushed her.

Following this he was for six months prostrated with the ague cake in his side. The mother watched over him with constant care during all the terrible days of suffering, which only his iron constitution permitted him to weather. He was still determined to return to the canal, and thence to the lake and ocean. His mother well knew that any opposition would be useless, so she argued that he had better attend school for a time, when he was able, and thus fit himself to teach school during the Winter months when he could not sail. He began the life of a scholar at the old Geauga Seminary in Chester, and from there went to Hiram and Williams.

FOUR RICH MEN.

From The London Globe.

The Liverpool Courier gives some rather interesting particulars as to the four men who are supposed to be the most wealthy living. Of these the poorest is his Grace the Duke of Westminster, whose income is set down at £800,000 a year. Taking it at that sum, the amount which the Duke can spend without intrenching on his capital is £2,000 a day, £90 an hour, and £1 10s. a minute. The next man in the ascending scale is Senator Jones, of Nevada, whose income is valued at exactly one million sterling, giving him the right to spend, if he likes, £2 a minute out of revenue. The head of the Rothschild family comes next, with a yearly income of two millions, and the expenses which he can defray thereout are, of course, double as great as those of the Senator.

At the top of the list comes Mr. J. W. Mackey, with a revenue of £2,750,000, which enables him to disburse £7,000 a day, £300 an hour, and £5 a minute. The fortunes of the other three are insignificant if compared with this gentleman's wealth. For they were the growth of many years either of successful toil or lucky speculation, or both combined. But Mr. Mackey, as *The Courier* remarks, was thirty years ago a penniless boy in Ireland. Sixteen years ago he was bankrupt; and now he is the owner of the richest silver mine that has ever been discovered. There is, therefore, hope for all the penniless boys in "ould Ireland." We commend to them the example of Mr. J. W. Mackey, who, it appears, is now only forty-five years old, and if he goes on at the same rate as during the last sixteen years, will have ample time to treble his fortune and possess an income ten times as large as that of the Duke of Westminster. Already the capitalized value of his property is set down at £55,000,000, against the modest £16,000,000 of the Duke. Such figures are pleasing to the eye and ear, but we regret to add that *The Liverpool Courier* does not by any means vouch for the accuracy of the totals it publishes.

IGNORANT TO A DEGREE.—Dougal: "Tid you notiss, Ankuss, how ta Toctor who Iss come ta take ta place of old Toctor Munro for a short time kept hiss head puried in his hants during ta long prayer in ta kirk thiss morning?" Angus: "O yiss, efferybody was looking at 'im, aut it was because—so I wass told—he is troubled with the locum tenens in hiss head, a tisease which means you must 'hold ta place' affected." Dougal: "Caawt nonsense! It is hiss own self that iss ta locum tenens, which iss ta tegree he will hev took at Col etch, ant not a tisease at all, Ankus McKilvery! ant it iss your ignorance that iss ferry superior mirover."

HOME INTERESTS

A JUNE MARKET.

THE STRAWBERRY SEASON ALMOST OVER—MEATS AND POULTRY—GOOD PRICES FOR FISH.

The markets are crowded with good things now-a-days, and the flavors of fruit and vegetable grow richer with the new arrivals from northern latitudes. The strawberries are almost gone. All that are now to be had were grown beside the Hudson, and are of a fine fragrance and flavor. Cherries are abundant, costing little—8 to 15 cents a pound—and selling rapidly. Each succeeding day's supply increases in ripe goodness. A few black-cap raspberries are coming from Maryland and Delaware, and there are already whortleberries appearing from Jersey at 20 to 25 cents a quart. Georgia peaches—"Beatrice" and "Hale's Early" varieties—may be had at 25 to 35 cents a quart box. They are rather small and unimportant, however, and for a fortnight to come will not be of much account, save in a pie or as the cause of pangs to the rash small boy. Gooseberries are 10 cents a quart. Mediterranean lemons are 20 to 40 cents a dozen; oranges are 30 to 60 cents, and the cool, sweet pineapples cost from 10 to 20 cents each.

Few russets are left in market; the small remainders cost $1 75 a basket. Some green May apples are arriving from North Carolina, and are bought chiefly by the deluding baker, who mixes them with the dried fruit to give his pies a fresh flavor.

There is a generous supply of all vegetables except potatoes, which have been scarce, and are therefore somewhat higher in price, selling at 35 to 40 cents the half peck. Old potatoes are 15 to 25 cents. Green peas are 18 to 20 cents, and string-beans 40 cents a half peck. The always delightful tomatoes are cheaper, costing 15 to 20 cents a quart. There are turnips now in market, at 5 cents a quart. Asparagus lingers at 15 to 20 cents a bunch. Beets are 10 cents, radishes 2 cents. The fresh, white cauliflower costs 20 to 30 cents a head, and lettuce 4 cents. The prices of other vegetables, cucumbers, cabbages, etc., have not changed.

Housekeepers may reasonably indulge in plenty of poultry, for the supply is large, and prices are lower. A few wild pigeons, at $1 25 a dozen, are coming from Michigan, but most of the birds met their doom in Potter and Tioga Counties, Penn. As for chickens, the dainty Philadelphia broilers are 33 cents a pound, and the roasters 18 cents. The Long Island and Jersey broilers are 30 cents. Turkeys, for whom nobody seems to yearn much at present, cost 18 cents. Spring ducks are 25 cents a pound, and geese the same. English snipe are $2 75 to $3 a dozen, and tame squab $3.

Butter and cheese do not alter much in price because of the heavy exports on nearly every departing steamer. Butter—good to finest—costs 20 to 25 cents a pound, and the best State factory cheese 15 cents. Of the imported cheeses, the Swiss costs 28 cents, the English dairy 22 to 25 cents, and Munster 20 cents. Brie cheeses are sold at $1 50 each, and the Edam at $1 10.

Refined lard is 12 cents a pound; leaf lard 10 cents. Eggs are not so plentiful as they were last week, and prices are higher. Fresh ones from Long Island and Jersey are 20 cents a dozen; and duck and goose eggs are respectively 20 and 25 cents.

Although the quantity of fish brought to market last week was larger than that of the previous week, prices were not lowered, there being an increased demand. The one exception is salmon, which, in becoming more plentiful, has also become cheaper, costing now only 30 cents a pound. The new law regulating the sale of lobsters is keeping the market clear of the insignificant sizes, and though the prices are higher, the better quality of the fish more than makes up the difference. Roe shad have descended to the plebeian price of 10 cents a pound, and blue fish are 6 cents. Striped bass are 25 cents, and scarce. Halibut steaks are 18 cents a pound; sea bass 15 cents; Spanish mackerel 20 cents. Codfish (for chowder), 8 to 10 cents, and brook trout 50 cents. Whitebait are 75 cents a pound, and there are few in market. Lobsters are 15 cents, the highest price they have seen for several months. Softshell crabs are 50 cents to $1 a dozen; hardshell clams, 25 to 60 cents a 100, and softshells 10 to 20 cents a bunch.

The prices of meats have changed little since last week. Porterhouse steak is 22 to 25 cents a pound; round, 16 to 18 cents; roasting beef, 12 to 20, and stewing beef it should be remembered is 8 to 12. Forequarters of lamb are 14 to 18 cents, and hindquarters 18 to 20. Hindquarters of veal are 14 to 16 cents a pound; pork tenderloins are 12 cents, and chops 9. Bacon is 12½ cents a pound, and smoked hams 13 cents. Sweetbreads are $1 50 to $2 a dozen.

Granulated and pulverized sugars are now 10 cents a pound; cut-loaf 10½. The "A" coffee sugar is 9½. Rio coffee is 22 to 25 cents, Maracaibo 25 to 28 cents, Java 30 to 32, and Mocha 33 to 35. In teas, Oolong is 30 to 50 cents a pound, Formosa 60 to 70, Gunpowder 60 to 80, Japan 50, and English breakfast 40 to 80. Nutmegs are $1 10 a dozen, cloves 60 cents a pound, pepper 25 cents, and ginger 20 cents. Mustard is 35 cents the half-pound. New-Orleans molasses is 70 cents a gallon, and syrups 40 to 50 cents. Raisins are 16 to 20 cents a pound, currants 7½ and citron 25 cents.

Here is a menu for a little dinner:

Soup—Consommé.
Cut of fresh Salmon with Tomato Sauce.
Fillet of Veal stuffed; Potato croquettes; Cauliflower;
Broiled Chicken; Lettuce Mayonnaise.
Coffee Ice Cream.
Fruit and Coffee.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

KROMESKEYS.—This little entrée or luncheon dish, is exceedingly nice, and is made with very little trouble. Cut some cold meat in small pieces; clip an onion and fry it a pale yellow in butter; add a little flour and stir until smooth; then add half a pint of good stock or brown gravy, two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, salt, white pepper, a little powdered herbs and very little cayenne, two ounces of chopped mushrooms warmed in a little butter and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Now add the mincedmeat, stir until scalding hot, add the yolk of one raw egg, cook for two minutes, stirring all the time, and spread out to cool on a buttered dish; make a batter, adding to it a little pepper, grated nutmeg and one tablespoonful of salad oil. The batter should be thick, and it is well to beat stiff the whites of the eggs separately. Heat the dish containing the meat, turn it out on the board just dusted with flour, cut it into strips about an inch wide and two inches long, roll them lightly under the hand in the shape of corks, dip them in the batter, and fry them a golden brown in smoking hot fat. Serve on a napkin.—[Mrs. Frederick.

BEEF AU GRATIN.—Take cold beef, either boiled or roasted, and cut it in thin slices. Grease a tin pan with butter, dust with bread crumbs, put in a little chopped parsley and lay on the slices of beef. Put salt, pepper and parsley on top, dust with bread crumbs, drop on lemon-juice and a little broth, just to cover the bottom of the pan, and place it in the oven.

FRENCH CAKE.—Half cup butter, three eggs, two cups sugar, one cup milk, three cups flour, two teaspoons cream of tartar and one teaspoonful soda. Beat the yolks of eggs in the milk, add the butter and the sugar, then the flour and the cream tartar, then the whites of the eggs, and last of all the soda.

LOBSTER RISSOLES.—Extract the meat of a boiled lobster; mince it as fine as possible; mix it with the coral pounded smooth, and some yolks of hard-boiled eggs, pounded also. Season it with Cayenne pepper, powdered mace and a very little salt. Make a batter of beaten egg, milk and flour. To each egg allow two large tablespoonfuls of milk, and a large teaspoonful of flour. Beat the batter well, and then mix the lobster with it gradually till it is stiff enough to make into oval balls about the size of a large plum. Fry them in the best salad oil, and serve them up either warm or cold. Similar rissoles may be made of raw oysters minced fine, or of boiled clams. These should be fried in lard.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Gather your tomatoes when fully ripe, and wash them and mash them in some suitable vessel. Then place them in a kettle over a moderate fire, and when just warmed through, press a cullender down upon them, then dipping from the cullender all the watery juice possible. After boiling a short time, strain the mass through a wire sieve, just fine enough to retain the rind of the fruit; then return it to the kettle and boil it down to the desired consistency; some prefer it thin, as it retains more of the flavor, taking all care that it does not become scorched in the process. Heat the bottles you intend to use in a steamer to a boiling heat, and while they retain this heat fill them with sauce in a boiling state. Then cork them immediately with good corks, and place them where they will cool slowly.

SALLY SUNN.—One pint flour, butter half as large as an egg, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one egg, one teacup milk, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful soda, a little salt. Mix flour, cream tartar, sugar, butter, egg and salt together, stir a few minutes, then add the milk and soda, stir a little more, and bake twenty minutes.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.—Frequently we find sick people whose stomachs reject all kinds of nourishment until conditions follow that in many instances terminate fatally. In twenty instances in which I have heard the popular sick-bed nourishment prescribed and rejected by an invalid's enfeebled stomach, I have never known the simple saucer of parched corn, pudding or gruel refused. The corn is roasted brown, precisely as we roast coffee, ground as fine as meal in a coffee-mill, and made either into mush, gruel, or thin cakes baked lightly brown, and given either warm or cold, clear, or with whatever dressing the stomach will receive or retain. Parched corn and meal boiled in skimmed milk, and fed frequently to children suffering from Summer diarrhœa, will almost always cure, as it will dysentery in adults, and, we believe, the cholera in its earliest stages.—[W.

PINEAPPLE FRITTERS.—One pint of flour, half pint of milk, three eggs, half teaspoonful soda, three-fourths teaspoonful cream tartar, one tablespoonful sugar, salt to taste. Peel and slice one juicy pineapple, and cover with sugar; let it stand over night; stir in the batter when ready to fry. To be eaten while hot, with sugar.

SPANISH CREAM.—Three pints milk poured on one ounce of gelatine to soak one hour, six eggs, gether, and pour into the boiling milk, and then eight tablespoonfuls sugar. Beat sugar and yolks together; pour this mixture on the white of the eggs, which have been previously well beaten. Flavor with vanilla. Put it in a mould; when cold, serve with cream.

CURRIED EGGS.—Boil six eggs quite hard, and when cold cut each into four pieces, so that they may stand on the dish with the points uppermost; lay aside. Fry two onions, shred very fine, in butter, add one tablespoonful of curry powder, two ounces butter rolled in flour, and by degrees half a pint of veal stock; let the whole boil up for a quarter of an hour, then stir in very slowly two tablespoonfuls of cream, simmer five minutes; put in the eggs and let them heat slowly for four or five minutes, and serve in the sauce with boiled rice.

SARDINE TOAST.—Place them with some of the oil out of the box between two plates in a hot oven; when thoroughly hot through place on toast cut in long slices the length of the sardine; shake a little cayenne and salt mixed over them, with a gentle squeeze of lemon.

TOASTED EGGS.—Put a piece of butter, one inch square, on a very hot plate (hot-water plate would be best). As the butter melts add a couple of eggs, and, stirring all the time, cayenne and anchovy essence. The mixture should be of the consistency of cream. Have some toast nicely browned, spread the mixture on it, and serve very hot.

INDELIBLE INK—Stains may be removed by first soaking in a solution of common salt, which produces chloride of silver, and afterward washing with ammonia, which dissolves the chloride.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Fill porcelain kettle with oranges, (bitter fruit preferred). Cover with cold water. Set kettle well back on range or a stove, where contents will boil slowly; continue this until a straw can be run through the fruit, (never use a fork). When soft take up carefully and throw away the bitter water. Have at hand two large earthen dishes. When cool enough to touch, separate skins from pulp. strain pulp through a colander, (be careful to keep out seeds and coarser parts of pulp). Take one-third of all the skins, cut fine with scissors into large narrow shreds, boil these shreds in porcelain saucepan, perhaps half an hour to extract the oil, then add them to the pulp, and put pound for pound of sugar. Boil slowly till stiff as mush. Put up in glass, leave open one night, then tie up carefully.—C.

MOTHS AND CARPET BEETLES.—These insects have a great repugnance to tallow and may be kept from woollens and furs for an indefinite period by its use. The wife of one of our American ministers who resided abroad for many years told us that she preserved her fine carpets left in this country entirely from the ravages of moths by wrapping up with them tallow candles. When the carpet beetle has commenced his work the carpet should be taken up, sprinkled thoroughly with benzine and the floor painted over with melted tallow, taking care to fill up all the crevices in the floor, as in these the larvæ secrete themselves. The carpet lining will prevent any tallow getting upon the carpet.

The Builder and Wood Worker gives an account of the manner in which a set of furniture that seemed to be alive with the larvæ of the moths was made good again. It was set into a room by itself and the upholstery saturated through and through with benzine, applied by means of a watering pot with a fine rose sprinkler. Three gallons at 30 cents a gallon were required. This killed every moth, larvæ and egg. The benzine dried out in a few hours and its entire odor disappeared in three or four days. Not the slighest harm happened to the varnish, or fabric, or wood or hair stuffing. Months passed and not a sign of a moth was seen. The carpets were sprinkled all around the sides of the room with equally good effect. When woollens or furs are infested with moths, if they are put in a box and sprinkled with benzine, and the box closed tightly, the moths will be destroyed. Those who can procure barrels from which alcohol has just been emptied will find them good to store woollens in. The atmosphere of such a barrel when closed tightly suffocates the pests. A garment that is sealed up in fine brown paper is safe from the moths, but it must be entirely free from them before being sealed up.

SENATOR WINDOM.

From The Washington Republic.

Among the fashionable residences that adorn Vermont-ave. between the Arlington and the brass-mounted Fourteenth-st. circle is a tall mansion embowered in luxuriant maples. It is of plain brick, with window caps of the same material, painted drab and brown. The building faces the morning sun, and stands alone, a vacant, grassy lot on one side and a clean-cut alley on the other. There is no more beautiful thoroughfare in the city of lovely drives than Vermont-ave. in this immediate neighborhood. And of all the handsome residences of brick and stone by the wayside there are none more coolly inviting than this, the home of Senator William Windom, of Minnesota. Many there are more costly, no doubt, but the air of home is under the great maple in the front yard, and the leaves brushing the bay window seem to whisper of green fields and flowers and the restful Summer days of the country. Nor is this delicious air of home and comfort merely exterior. It is characteristic of everything within. Here is the character of the man. The house was built by Senator Windom, and in finish and furniture bears the impress of his personality. There is nothing tawdry or showy here. All is roomy, massive and plain. The stairway is heavy walnut, the doors are large and of the same material plainly panelled. The ground floor ceiling is very high, which makes the double parlors seem narrow. The latter are furnished with quiet elegance.

In the basement, fronting the street, is the Senatorial workshop. The small barred windows from the street do not indicate what is going on within. Yet here behind the plain walnut desk sits a man, amid his books and papers, whose public career stamps him as one of the most eminent statesmen of his time.

Conceive a man of fifty-three years, medium height, compactly and rather heavily built, with a splendid head, well set between his broad shoulders, his most conspicuous feature being an expanse of forehead without baldness, his nose and full nostrils indicative of strength of character, a stiff upper lip, and with frank, brown eyes that look kindly into yours, suggestive of an easy temper and perennial good humor. His expression is that of benevolence, while the pure, firm complexion indicates temperate habits and superb physical health. In dress he is neat and plain, the only mark of fashion in his appearance being the English-cut whiskers, running vertically in front of the ears. From his attire the man might be a well-to-do country merchant. In facial appearance, a professor of moral science and a philosopher. This is William Windom, the favorite son of the great State of Minnesota.

Senator Windom was born in Belmont County, Ohio, in May, 1827. His parents were both from Old Virginia, which gives him a doubly-sound Presidential pedigree. His father's people were from North Carolina; his mother, whose maiden name was Spencer, came from good Pennsylvania Quaker stock. Windom, the elder, was one of the farmer-pioneers of Ohio, that hardy race who carried the van of civilization beyond the Alleghanies and reclaimed that region from the wilderness. He pitched his tent in the midst of the forest. Here his son William spent his boyhood and youth, like the immortal Lincoln, clearing up the "claim," splitting rails, and chopping wood and participating in all the toils incidental to pioneer farm life.

It was not until he had reached mature years that he began any regular course of mental development. But his active ambition, ready wit and natural force of character gave him rapid advancement. At twenty-three he left the academy and was admitted to the bar, his family having some time before moved to Knox County. For the next five years he practised his profession at Mount Vernon, Ohio. It was here he first entered public life, being elected Public Prosecutor as a Whig by a majority of 300 in the face of a Democratic majority in the county of a thousand.

In 1855 he imitated his father by going West, getting married and growing up with the country. He planted his home in Winona, Minn., where he has ever since resided. Four years later the people of his district had already formed such an opinion of his integrity and capacity that he was run for the XXXVIth Congress on the Whig ticket and triumphantly elected. Was subsequently four times consecutively unanimously renominated, and this in a district where a Republican nomination was equivalent to an election. At the close of his fifth term he declined further service in the House.

He was immediately appointed by the Governor to fill the unexpired Senatorial term of the Hon. Daniel S. Norton, deceased, since which he has been twice chosen for the position of United States Senator by the unanimous vote of his party. His present term of service will expire March, 1883.

In his early political life Mr. Windom was a disciple of Henry Clay. From him he inherited a fondness for those questions which pertain to the material interests of the people. Perhaps the hard, practical experience of his youth contributed most to this channel of thought. This phase of political economy may be called his specialty.

DECORATIVE ART IN A LONDON HOUSE.

From The Queen.

What bedrooms! The guest chamber is made of fire and flowers. That is to say, the bed, toilet table, washstand, cabinets are all plain gold. The shutters are plain gold. The windows glow with colors such as the Alhambra has. Through Moorish trellis-work these colors shine, the subjects being only visible by scrutiny. What is not pure gold is crystal; the knobs on the bedposts, the shelves of the tables, scintillate with facets. The whole room is like an ancient shrine or reliquaire.

The walls are painted with a deep frieze of flowers, growing *au naturel*, which relieves the mass of gold by myriad tints. When we have breath our eye is caught by one of the cupboards, whereon Socrates is seen teaching an eager boy; above, Xantippe, leaning out of window, is just cooling their enthusiasm for science with her ewer. Below, rabbits and foxes sport, and flowers grow everywhere. A bookshelf of gold holds the books the fair inhabitant is to read.

The kind of furniture loved by Mr. Burges may be best understood by the exact description of one piece—say the washstand. Up to now a washstand has seemed an impertinent sort of affair to be kept out of sight; but here we have a gem fit to splash at all day in poetic enjoyment. It is of gold, with fragments of bright stones and shells inlaid; those called "Venus's ears" have been largely used. Every blank space is carved minutely in flowers, beautifully tinted, and we discern a lizard or two and some butterflies among them. Thick crystals inclose small shelves, where a scent bottle, some hundreds of years old, and a toothpowder receptacle, some thousands, nestle and shine. Marble plates receive the soap. A fine bronze, which most of us would place on some table for ornament, here makes itself useful—a bull, from whose throat ajar the water pours into a Brescia basin, inlaid with silver fishes. How do you get the water in? See you that other bronze, a tortoise, which seems to creep beyond the bull's fell reach—it is a plug; twist him round and the bull fills the basin. Such is the use which Aladdin makes of bronzes, and I beg to add that the lapis and amber and crystal and marble are not papier-maché and glazed chalk—they are the real thing. On one washstand we read the quaint inscription from Chaucer, "This is the mirrour perillus on which the proude Narcissus sey his faire face bright." In unexpected places little taps and handles shine forth, made of coral or silver, with uncut stones enfixed therein.

Aladdin's own room and his bed are quite unlike the Golden Chamber. The room is almost wholly scarlet. Around the wall runs a cornice of conventional waves full of fishes, which in some places are almost deceptive in glitter; these are life size. I fell quite in love with one mackeral; but I gave him up for a syren, who combs her yellow hair over the fireplace. More cupboards and dressing tables, crowded with precious flasks of gold and cloisonné, detached us from the syren; and the scarlet bed with its tall headpiece, painted by Henry Holiday with the Sleeping Beaty, a very charming production, rooted us to the spot.

THE DISTRESSED POET.

A SUGGESTION FROM HOGARTH.

From The Pen.

One knows the scene so well—a touch,
A word, brings back again
The room, not garnished overmuch,
In gusty Drury Lane;

The empty safe, the child that cries,
The kittens on the coat,
The good-wife with her patient eyes,
The milkmaid's tuneless throat;

And last, in that mute woe sublime,
The hapless verse man's air;
The "Bysshe,"* the foolscap and the rhyme,
The rhyme—that is not there!

Poor bard! To dream that verse inspired—
With dews Castalian wet—
Is built from cold abstractions squired
By "Bysshe," his epithet!

Ah! when she comes, the glad-eyed Muse,
No step upon the stair
Betrays the guest that none refuse,—
She takes us unaware;

And tips with fire our lyric lips,
And sets our hearts aflame,
And then, like Ariel, off she trips,
And none know how she came.

Only, henceforth, for right or wrong,
By some dull sense grown keen,
Some blank hour blossomed into song,
We feel that she has been.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

*The Art of English Poetry, by Edward Bysshe, 1702.—[Ed

THE TRUE STORY OF SKIPPER IRESON.

From The Boston Post.

Though the poem has been published many years and has appeared in every edition of Mr. Whittier's works since it was written, Skipper Ireson has never been vindicated, nor has a complete and truthful history of the affair ever been given to the public until recently. In his "History and Traditions of Marblehead," Mr. Samuel Roads, jr., gives the following interesting version of the affair, which is acknowledged to be authentic;

On Sunday, the 30th of October, 1808, the schooner Betty, commanded by Skipper Benjamin Ireson, arrived from the Grand Banks. Shortly after their arrival the crew reported that at midnight on the previous Friday, when off Cape Cod Lighthouse, they passed the schooner Active, of Portland, which was in a sinking condition; and that the skipper had refused to render any assistance to the unfortunate men on board the wreck. The excitement and indignation of the people upon the reception of this news can be better imagined than described. The resentment of the people was still further provoked when, on the following day, the sloop Swallow arrived, having on board Captain Gibbons, the master of the ill-fated schooner. He corroborated the story told by the crew of the Betty.

This statement by one who had so narrowly escaped a watery grave made a deep impression upon the fishermen, and they determined to demonstrate their disapproval of Skipper Ireson's conduct by a signal act of vengeance. Accordingly, on a bright moonlight night the unfortunate skipper was suddenly seized by several powerful men and securely bound. He was then placed in a dory, and, besmeared from head to feet with tar and feathers, was dragged through the town, escorted by a multitude of men and boys. When opposite the locality now known as Workhouse Rocks, the bottom of the dory came out, and the prisoner finished the remainder of his ride to Salem in a cart. The authorities of that city forbade the entrance of the strange procession, and the crowd returned to Marblehead. Throughout the entire proceeding Mr. Ireson maintained a dignified silence, and when, on arriving at his own home, he was released from custody, his only remark was: "I thank you for my ride, gentlemen, but you will live to regret it."

His words were prophetic. When too late to make reparation for the wrong they had committed, the impulsive fishermen realized that they had perpetrated an act of the greatest injustice upon an innocent man.

Skipper Ireson was not more to blame than his crew, and, it is believed, not at all. When the wreck was spoken, and the cry of distress was heard, a terrific gale was blowing. There was a consultation on board the Betty as to the course to be pursued, and the crew decided not to endanger their own lives for the sake of saving others. Finding that they were resolute in their determination, Skipper Ireson prepared to lay by the wreck all night, or until the storm should abate, and then go to the rescue of the unfortunate men. To this they also demurred, and insisted upon proceeding upon their homeward voyage without delay. On their arrival in Marblehead, fearing the just indignation of the people, they laid the entire blame upon the skipper. This version of the affair is generally accepted as true.

In the following letter to Mr. Roads, Mr. Whittier embraces the opportunity to make reparation for the injustice unwittingly committed in his ballad. It will be read with interest by all who reverence and love the man for his faithful devotion at all times to the cause of the oppressed. In writing it he has demonstrated anew his devotion to truth, and has gracefully discharged one of the most delicate duties that can confront a literary man—the acknowledgment of a mistake.

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, 5 Mo., 18, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND: I heartily thank thee for a copy of thy History of Marblehead. I have read it with great interest, and think good use has been made of the abundant material.

No town in Essex County has a record more honorable than Marblehead; no one has done more to develop the industrial interests of our New-England seaboard, and certainly none have given such evidence of self-sacrificing patriotism. I am glad the story of it has been at last told, and told so well.

I have now no doubt that thy version of Skipper Ireson is a correct one. My verse was solely founded on a fragment of rhyme which I heard from one of my early schoolmates, a native of Marblehead. I supposed the story to which it referred dated back at least a century. I knew nothing of the particulars, and the narrative of the ballad was pure fancy. I am glad for the sake of truth and justice that the real facts are given in thy book. I certainly would not knowingly do injustice to any one dead or living. I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

MAKING AMENDS.

From Chamber's Journal.

A dramatist sitting by a friend at a theatre, contrived to extract a handkerchief from his pocket and transfer it to his own. Presently a man behind him, tapping him on the shoulder, whispered: "Beg pardon; here's your purse. Didn't know you belonged to the profession; all right!" at the same time slipping into the amateur's hand the purse he had extracted from his pocket. The story may pass, for although honor among thieves has no existence, it is probable that regular practitioners act on the principle that dog should not eat dog. That they ever go an inch beyond that we do not believe, even though we have it on the authority of the *Gaulois* that Charles Dickens once lost his watch at a theatre in Paris, and found it at his hotel with a note running: "Sir: I hope you will excuse me; but I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman, and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake I hasten to repair it by returning herewith the watch I stole from you. I beg you to receive the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant. A Pickpocket."

Triflers with feminine affections do not always get off cheaply. A young clergyman, wise enough to choose well, but foolish enough to allow himself to be ruled by his friends, after proposing to a young lady, declined to fulfil the engagement; and being sued for breach of promise, was cast in damages—£5,000. This brought him to his senses. Seeking the plaintiff, he owned that he had behaved infamously, but vowed that he had loved her all the while and loved her still, and prayed her to forgive and forget. "My friends," said he, "can make no objection now; they cannot say you are without a penny, since you have £5,000 of your very own." His pleading proved irresistible, and the lady and money were soon his own again.

A Norwich photographer was perambulating a "machine" the other day when he was hailed by a housekeeper from her doorstep: "Hev yer got eny hot cakes?" "When do you want 'em?" rejoined the broad-brimmed artist. "Right off." "Well, you'll have to wait till they are done. I had to refuse a woman ice cream a house or two back." Just then the woman took in the situation. "Go on with your old by-sickle," said she, "I thought you was the baker."